

# THE Christian Monitor.

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## A Funeral Sermon,

Concluded from page 341.

My text speaks of them who call Jesus Christ Lord in vain ; which may be understood to comprehend all who profess to believe the truth of his religion, and to pay some regard to it, while they remain strangers to its vital power. This description includes several distinct classes.

The first which I shall mention is that of hypocritical professors. A hypocrite in religion is one who puts on the profession for the sake of attaining some worldly end ; and takes care to make a decent appearance to mankind, while he is conscious that his heart is unsound towards God. He calls Christ his Lord, and takes a place with great seeming zeal and pleasure in his church, while he knows that the spiritual kingdom of Christ has never been established in his soul. However esteemed by men, who cannot see the heart, no kind of sinners can be more odious in the sight of God than this. His indignation burns against them ; and none can be travelling more directly in the high road to perdition.—Even in regard to men, the imposition seldom lasts any great length of time. But I will not enlarge farther upon the case ; being persuaded that such hypocrites are by no means numerous. The present times are so far gone in licentiousness, both of opinion and practice ; religion or the want of it has so little to do with the attainment of honors or emoluments amongst us ; that there is scarcely a temptation to become a hypocritical pretender to religion for the accomplishment of any worldly purpose whatever.

Let us proceed to contemplate the class of self-deluded moralists ; who

trust in their own good deeds as meriting the favor of God. They profess to respect Jesus Christ as a divine Messenger, and sometimes speak of him by the title of their Savior ; but feel not their need of his righteousness, his blood, or his Spirit. They have never learned the extent and purity of the law of God, the evil of sin, and the deep corruption of our fallen nature. Whether they have embodied their fatal errors into a doctrinal scheme or not, they rely upon themselves for safety, making no serious account of repentance for sin and faith in the Redeemer's sacrifice. The price which they offer confidently to God for a place in paradise is their own righteousness ; and a miserable righteousness it is, when tried by the standard of his word. It contains no humiliation of soul before God ; no thankful reception of his rich and sovereign mercy through the merits of his Son ; no delight in his worship or his ordinances ; no diligence to bring up children in his fear ; no lively zeal for the destruction of Satan's kingdom ; in short, nothing that can be said to wear even a face of religion : but only a tolerable attention to justice and honor in social intercourse, an inoffensive behavior, and charity to the poor. It is readily admitted that this sort of conduct is preferable to the contrary, at least for the present world. But surely I need not go about proving to you that this is not Christianity, nor the way to heaven. Whatever deference such persons render to the Son of God is purely nominal ; and he will account it a presumptuous mockery of his name, instead of a cordial submission to his authority.

Near of kin to this class, or rather the same carried to a higher pitch, is that of the formalists in religion. These

are the proud, blind Pharisees of every age and country. The formalist concerns himself very little about his creed. Taking it chiefly upon trust, it will be correct or otherwise according as that of his fathers and his church happen to be. He is very exact, not only in a dry social morality, but also in all the rites and observances of worship, according to the standard of the sect to which he belongs. He goes through the toil of long and frequent prayers; is a diligent reader and hearer of the Scriptures in his way; and loves to see ceremonies, perhaps even painful ones, multiplied and enjoined by human authority. His religion produces to him scarcely any thing of joy or of sorrow. But he is satisfied with it, and brings up his children in the same notions and round of external duties. He boasts himself a Christian of the first order; would take it very ill to have his claim brought into question; and looks around with a scornful pity upon those who, like the publican of old, feel themselves to be guilty sinners, and with contrite spirits cry to God for mercy. With experimental religion, the religion of the heart, the formalist is all this time unacquainted. The nature and necessity of regeneration, as justly deduced from the word of God, present no other aspect to his eye than that of the whims of a distempered fancy. Ignorant of God's righteousness, to be received for our justification by faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, he goes about to establish his own righteousness, and presumptuously rests in its sufficiency. The best that can be said of such a scheme of religion is that it is a body, constructed with a fair outward show, but altogether destitute of a soul. When light becomes darkness, when the obedience and sufferings of our Redeemer become vain, when holiness of heart ceases to be an essential qualification for the kingdom of glory, then only will the way in which the formalist walks become the same with the way to heaven.

Belonging to this general class, there are many who, trusting in their own merit, but having some fears about its perfection, adopt the salvo of relying upon Christ to make up the deficiency. They will go as far as they can, and they

flatter themselves it is most of the distance too, in earning their title to heaven by their own good deeds; and if any thing be wanting, they consent that Christ shall have the honor of supplying it. Can it now be needful to expose such arrogancy, such an absurd, unscriptural jumble of ideas? Since the fall, the best man upon earth never performs a single act of duty free from defect when tried by the holy law of God. They alone can think otherwise who know neither that law nor themselves. The Son of God "came to redeem us from the curse of the law," not to help us to open the gates of heaven for ourselves by the law. He is made "the Lord our righteousness," that he may clothe us with his own spotless garments of salvation; not that he may stand by, to be petitioned in our extremity for a patch here and there upon a coat of our own weaving. In a word, we must accept him as our entire Savior, or he will be to us no Savior at all.

Here we may place the class of procrastinators in religion. One of this character has some right views of the nature of religion, and from time to time some sensible impressions of its necessity. He knows that he must become very different from what he now is, or his doom will one day be intolerable. He persuades himself that he really intends to bow to the authority of Christ, and make his peace with God; but is not ready to do it at the present time. He knows well that his favorite pursuits and pleasures are dangerous to his soul, yet he persists in holding them fast. Trembling, like Felix, at the thought of judgment to come, he yet puts off the full practical decision about his preparation for it to a more convenient season: The appointed season perhaps arrives. What is the effect? His heart is more hard in iniquity, less sensible to eternal concerns than it was before. The time allotted for the great work of reconciliation with God is gone, and has left nothing behind but a fainter repetition of the same deceptions and resolutions. Year after year passes away in impenitency. Sickness, it may be, or some other alarming providence, awakens within him a reluctant purpose of speedy amendment. But the purpose vanishes with the distress which



gave it birth. Dreadful servitude of sin ! The Spirit of God, grieved and despised, at length takes his everlasting flight : and the sinner is sooner or later cut off, with all his transgressions, and all his unexecuted schemes of reformation, heaped in one vast mountain of guilt upon his head.

This survey shall be concluded with that class of vain pretenders whom our Lord probably had in view more than all others ; I mean that of antinomian professors of religion. These are they who rest in what Christ has done for us in such a manner as to overlook the necessity of sanctification within us, or at least of any strenuous exertions on our part to attain it. They profess to exalt the merits of our Redeemer, and are the keenest advocates for what they call the free grace of the gospel ; while they violently rend asunder the things which God has indissolubly united in the lovely harmony of salvation. Alas, that such a thing should be ! Is it not a settled point that “ without holiness no man shall see the Lord ? ” Do we not know that Jesus Christ came “ to save his people from their sins ? ” That the very reason why he gave himself for us upon the cross was “ that he might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify unto himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works ? ” If we profess to adore him for his astonishing love in dying for us, enduring the weight of divine wrath in our stead, where is our gratitude ? If we say that we are united to him, as branches to the vine, where are our fruits of righteousness ? Is it not perfectly ascertained that no faith in Christ will avail us any thing, but that which “ purifies the heart and overcomes the world, working by love ? ” That without the restoration of the moral image of God to our souls, we shall not be received into heaven, and omnipotence itself cannot make us happy ? Are we not “ called with a most holy calling ; ” commanded to “ run the Christian race,” and “ strive to enter in at the strait gate ? ” Why does God promise to “ work in us both to will and to do,” but that we may be excited to “ work out our own salvation with fear and trembling ? ” Is not armour provided for us, that we may maintain a vigorous and successful warfare against all

our enemies ? How is it possible then that people who profess Christianity can derive comfort from its promises, while they neglect to comply with its sacred precepts ? Yet many such there are.—Avoiding the error of the self-righteous Pharisee, the antinomian runs with fatal heedlessness into the opposite extreme. He deludes himself with a foolish, unwarranted hope of his safety through the finished redemption of Christ, though he ought to see that it has not even begun to have its effect upon him in delivering him from the bondage of corruption. While he speaks peace to his soul, he lives in disobedience ; and exposes himself to that terrible rebuke, “ why call ye me, Lord, Lord, and do not the things which I say ? ” How dares any man to boast of the grace of God, while he slumbers in unhallowed security, negligent of the state of his own heart, and careless about prayer, both in the family and the closet ? Such professors, so far as in them lies, make Jesus Christ the minister of sin. They are a disgrace to our holy religion, a stumbling block to the world. And it is to them that the Judge will say at the last day, “ I never knew you : depart from me, ye that work iniquity.”

These reflections and delineations have been offered you, my hearers, that they might be seriously applied. May I hope that you have been employed in laying them honestly to your consciences ? In what class then do you find your place ? Are you the children and friends of God, or do you still stand in the ranks of his enemies ?

Some of you, I trust, can say with humble confidence, we hope and believe that God has reconciled us to himself by the gospel of his Son. We have tried ourselves ; and do find, though amidst many imperfections, that it is our decided aim in all things “ to do the will of our Father who is in heaven.” After congratulating you, brethren, on this delightful result of the inquiry, what remains but to exhort you to increasing and persevering diligence in the great business which lies before you ? Our Lord lays down in my text the sublime principle of the Christian life. Let the will of God be ever before your eyes, as the pole-star of your voyage over the dark and stormy ocean of this world.—

Rely cheerfully upon the faithful care of your Redeemer, and the supporting grace of his Spirit. Let the hope of glory be "an anchor to your souls, both sure and steadfast," to bear you up amidst the waves of earthly affliction. Your trials of every kind shall soon be over. Soon shall you hear from the lips of your Savior, who is also the Judge of all, that transporting sentence, "Come ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world." Devote yourselves, therefore, daily and wholly to God, "walking in all his commandments blameless."—"By ye steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord; forasmuch as ye know that your labor is not in vain in the Lord."

Do some of you say, we are in painful doubts respecting our state; sometimes hoping that God has received us as his people, but oftener fearing it is otherwise? How shall this suspense, which fills your minds with anguish, be removed? I might truly tell you that religion may exist, and even be advancing in the soul, without very frequent or sensible ecstasies of joy. But it is of more importance to exhort you not to stay groping after evidences of your religion where very few, or perhaps none, are to be found. Rather, wait upon God in prayer. Implore his enlightening, transforming, forgiving mercy, in the name of Jesus Christ. Strive to surrender yourselves unreservedly to his will, upon the gracious terms of the gospel; that you may no longer be harrassed with doubts about your acceptance. The wells of salvation are open before you; "come and partake of the water of life freely."

Finally, are there not some in this audience who cannot pretend to doubt, but know at once and certainly that they are not the servants of God, and consequently have never taken one step in the way to heaven? How deplorable is your condition! May I spend a few moments more in faithful and affectionate expostulation with you? Yet what can I say to make the extreme danger of your case more manifest? You know that you must die, but you know not how soon. It is a truth as fixed as the throne of God that you must stand before his tribunal, to answer for your deeds; yet you are

making no serious preparation for "the great and terrible day of the Lord." You see that whether heaven or hell is to be your eternal home depends upon the improvement which you make of the little hour of time now afforded you: yet you waste this hour in folly and sin, as if you were bent upon destruction. You hear the gospel of salvation, but you make light of its glorious provisions. Obeying the dictates of your own will, immersed in your own pernicious pleasures, you find no insuperable difficulty, while health and prosperity attend you, in living "without Christ, aliens from the commonwealth of Israel, and strangers from the covenants of promise, having no hope, and without God in the world." But consider, I beseech you, whether you can bear that "indignation and wrath, tribulation and anguish," which God Almighty has declared he will render to his obstinate enemies? If you disregard the heaven of the saints, can your hearts be strong to abide that inconceivably dreadful sentence from the mouth of the Son of God, "depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels?" No; you cannot think of enduring such a weight of woe. You contrive some way or other to hope that it is never to be your portion. But what reason have you for this hope? Are you not hastening to the grave where there is no repentance, and yet trifling away your time in forgetfulness of God and eternity? Hear the tremendous threatenings of an insulted God. The words are his, and not mine. "Because I have called, and ye refused; I have stretched out my hand, and no man regarded; but ye have set at nought all my counsel, and would none of my reproof: I also will laugh at your calamity, I will mock when your fear cometh; when your fear cometh as desolation, and your destruction cometh as a whirlwind; when distress and anguish cometh upon you: then shall they call upon me, but I will not answer; they shall seek me early, but they shall not find me: for that they hated knowledge, and did not choose the fear of the Lord: they would none of my counsel: they despised all my reproof: therefore shall they eat of the fruit of their own way, & be filled with their own devices." Blessed be God, there is yet hope con-



cerning you. The door of mercy is still open, and you are invited to enter. Doubt not the sincerity of the call. Fly, I entreat you, for the life of your souls. Fly without delay to the arms of the Lord Jesus, the Savior of perishing sinners, which are spread wide to receive and shelter you. "Behold, now is the accepted time: behold, now is the day of salvation." Tomorrow it may be too late: your doom of misery and despair may then be sealed forever.

May God, of his infinite mercy, grant to all of us wisdom to consider our latter end, and grace to prepare for it. May he make us his children now, and heirs of his heavenly kingdom hereafter, for the sake of Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

*To the Editor of the Christian Monitor.*

DEAR SIR,

The part of the country in which I live has, of late, been remarkably visited by Divine Providence. In the course of a few years, and within the distance of fifteen miles, among a great many instances of smaller importance, seven or eight persons have died, one a minister of the Gospel, and all the others ruling elders in the congregations to which they belonged. The loss to the church, by this dispensation, is as great as could have been sustained in the loss of an equal number of lives; and indeed I do not know that we could find among the laity an equal number of survivors in the same bounds, or perhaps in bounds of double the extent, of as much importance for their zeal, activity, and usefulness.

Dispensations of this kind have a gloomy and threatening aspect; the church has undergone a bereavement which it must long feel, and from the influence of which it may not speedily recover. But among the many reflections which press upon the mind of a Christian in such a case, there are some of a consoling nature. In the first place, this group of distinguished and useful characters, though dead are not lost. A bright constellation has indeed set to us, but only that it might arise in another firmament with increased and more permanent glory. The real church of God is immortal, and when distinguished members of it are summoned from this world, they assume stations in the church triumphant,

not only of greater happiness, but perhaps of greater usefulness, than those they occupied here.

In the next place, the persons of whom I have spoken have left behind them edifying examples: they all died in faith, relying entirely on the redemption of Jesus Christ, and supported in their last moments by an uncommon measure of the consolations of the gospel. So many persons could not have died under such circumstances without affording to the world much important instruction. To collect a small part of this instruction, and perpetuate it through the medium of your useful *Monitor*, is the principal design of this communication.

The first circumstance to which I shall particularly advert, relates to one of the characters before mentioned, far advanced in life. He had been a professor of religion for more than forty years, and was remarkable for his upright and exemplary deportment. He was distinguished almost beyond any man I ever knew, for an unshaken confidence in the promises of the gospel. During the greater part of what may be termed his religious life, he had not entertained a doubt as to the reality of his religion. I confess I felt a kind of melancholy curiosity to discover whether the approach of death would produce any change in his views. I saw him a few days before he died. His disorder was of recent origin, but the attack of such a nature as left him in no doubt as to the certainty of its proving fatal.—He conversed with great composure on his approaching dissolution. The subject in all its aspects, and with all its important consequences, was brought fully into view. He told me among other things that he relied entirely on the merits of our Savior, and was willing to enter on the important change—that he felt no more afraid to lie down in death than to lie down on his bed. This expression, considering the character who spoke and the time at which it was spoken, made a forcible impression on my mind. It seemed to rise above the level even of Christian heroism, and expressed more than a volume could have done in commendation of that faith which makes the Christian victorious over his last enemy.

I shall in the next place turn your attention to the case of another person

comprised in this general narrative. His last illness was of long continuance, and his approach to death by gradual and almost imperceptible advances. In the earlier stages of his disorder he suffered but little pain; his spirits were composed, and his whole conversation of the most pleasing character. A great part of his time was spent in recounting the favorable interpositions of that merciful providence which had conducted him happily through life, and provided every thing necessary for the accommodation of his last moments. He kept his end steadily in view, and conversed about it with great serenity and calmness. He saw his last enemy advancing for the conflict, but at the same time felt confident that he should come off more than a conqueror through him that had loved him and gave himself for him. He frequently remarked that his greatest difficulty consisted in repressing the ardency of his desires to depart and to be with Christ. I continued to visit him after his body was reduced to a skeleton, his animal spirits completely wasted, and a tone of dejection spread through his whole system. This depression of the animal spirits, as every one knows, has a most powerful influence on the conduct and actions of men. It often unmans the bravest characters, and converts the hero into a coward. Yet this depression of spirits was not sufficient to make the man of whom I speak afraid of death.—His feelings were indeed less comfortable, but his confidence was not shaken. With the last words he ever spoke, and when the hand of death was upon him, he told me he was afraid that, in the weakness of dying, something might escape him which would dishonor religion; but that however trying the conflict might prove, he would come off victorious.

The next character on whom I shall remark, had professed religion in his youth, and was considerably advanced in years at the time of his departure.—Having lived in the enjoyment of almost uninterrupted health, and possessed a constitution of uncommon firmness, the shock which broke his hold of life had uncommon force. At times, amidst the violence of the last conflict, reason was driven from her seat. At those times, there was something mournfully pleasant

in observing, amidst the wanderings of a delirium, what an ascendancy evangelical truth possessed over his mind. But when the lucid intervals returned, it was more pleasant to see the Christian cleaving to the rock of his salvation, rising superior to the storm which beat upon him, and looking forward with comfortable hopes to that period when all his troubles would be over.

I think it unnecessary to prolong this detail, especially as all the cases comprehended in this sketch were remarkably similar. There was no rapture or transports, and there was no dejection. It was the sober certainty of happiness by which they were supported in their last moments. I shall conclude the subject with a few general observations.

In the first place, I consider the scene which has passed as a practical confirmation of the divine promises. "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace." Here is the promise. Now I may be permitted to say I have been at the place where the good man met his end. I have seen the evidence of his peace—of a peace above nature, and for which nothing could account but the presence of that Savior who has promised to conduct the departing spirit through the dark valley and shadow of death.

In the next place the scene in question strongly corroborates the doctrine of justification by grace. If good works, either of piety, morality or benevolence, could secure the favor of God, these men were perhaps as well provided in that respect, as any others to be found in a similar situation of life; but in the near view of eternity, they renounced the whole, and refused to rely on any thing but the merits of Jesus Christ. I know that Doctor Priestly, as a materialist, speaks with contempt of dying declarations. He supposes the soul to decline in an equal pace with the body, and therefore that it is of no consequence what a dying man may say.—But this opinion is not warranted by fact. All who are much conversant with death beds can testify, that the dying man sometimes reasons with more clearness, and discovers more vigor of mental operation than he had ever done before. But at any rate, death is an honest hour, it de-



stroys the illusions of self flattery; breaks the enchantments of the world, and places man in the best situation for impartial judging: it is therefore not without reason the world has generally agreed to pay particular attention to death-bed declarations; and such declarations may be allowed some weight for corroborating an important doctrine of the Christian scheme.

In the last place I must observe, that the scene in question shews the supreme excellence of the Christian religion.—Death, without the hopes of the gospel, is a subject of tremendous import; but those hopes are sufficient to raise the Christian above his power. In this respect the Christian religion is certainly distinguished from every other system the world has ever known. I can see no possible way of accounting for this but by admitting the divine origin of that religion, and the supernatural influence of the Divine Spirit, which accompanies its operations. It would not be sufficient to say that the dying man reposes on a belief which he had previously worked up in his own mind, for it often happens that the humble Christian, who had spent many days in doubt and perplexity, finds his hopes and comforts greatly increased as his latter end approaches—his life was a cloudy day, but his setting sun was clear and delightful. With the unbeliever every thing seems to proceed exactly in an inverse ratio. When danger is remote, he is vain and confident, but when the hour of trial arrives, his hopes and his systems fail him. From this rule I believe there are no real exceptions—at least I have never read or heard a death-bed narrative of an infidel which contained any thing either desirable or comfortable. Nor could I ever discover that the infidel philosopher had any advantage, in this respect, over the infidel peasant: they both appear to go off the stage with the same unmanly and foreboding weakness. The celebrity of an hundred volumes could not save Voltaire from the overwhelming terrors which met him at the gates of death. I sincerely wish that infidels would publish a faithful and circumstantial register of the deaths which occur in their fraternity. Such a register would be of immense value, not to their system, but to the in-

terests of the world. It would not indeed be a voice from the grave, but it would be a voice from that neighborhood, warning mankind to take heed of their principles and their conduct.

C.

### BLESSED EFFECTS OF A SINGLE BIBLE.

*The following letter was written by a German Sailor, to a Clergyman in Hull, in England, and was published in the Appendix to the last Report of the British and Foreign Bible Society.*

BORNHOLM, May 18, 1814.

You may perhaps recollect, that in the night of February 16, three Sailors called on you to return you thanks for all the kindness you had shewn them, and more especially for the Bible you gave us, as we were unable to pay any thing for it. After having gone to sea, our vessel was taken by a Danish Privateer, and we were confined to a Prison, in which my two companions died. One of them, Richard Duedeman, thus addressed me the day previous to his death: "I am convinced that I must soon die, and am I trust prepared for my departure; but I should like once more to write a few lines to my minister, and thank him for the Bible, that blessed book which points out the way to heaven. Had I not obtained possession of it, I think I should not have been saved. When in the 15th chapter of the Gospel of St. Luke I read the Parable of the Prodigal Son, I was led to consider myself completely in the light of that son; but, blessed be God, I found consolation in applying those words to myself—'This man receiveth sinners, and eateth with them.' I should wish my wife to have my Bible, and diligently to read in it; for in this world I shall never see her face again, nor those of my children; yet notwithstanding all this, I may confidently exclaim with the Apostle: "I have a desire to depart and to be with Christ." Blessed be God, for having conducted me to England; and may his richest benediction rest on all those who so kindly supply the poor with Bibles!" In this affecting manner he expressed himself, even in the last moments of his earthly existence, whilst tears of gratitude, both towards God and man,

streamed down his eyes. He died on the 13th of May, at four o'clock in the morning. My other companion followed him the next day. His name was Thomas Rode, who expired in the midst of thanksgivings to God, for having favored him with an opportunity of receiving a Bible; and, whilst he fervently implored an especial blessing on those kind benefactors of their poor fellow creatures, who thus were engaged in dispensing among them the bread of Life, some of his last expressions were: "I feel most comfortable and happy in my mind. O, my Lord Jesus! receive and take me to thyself. Thou hast prepared me for death; preserve my faith unshaken, till it shall please thee to receive me to thy kingdom. Blessed be God, and the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ. Oh! that all men might get a Bible: to me it proved a cheering companion in the solitary hours of my confinement; it was a refreshment and consolation to my mind."

Thus my companions died. But what do I say?—they are not dead, they live, infinitely happier than myself. I cannot but thank God a thousand times, that you have given us a Bible. Convey my sincerest thanks to those who sent you so many copies of this Holy Book to distribute among the poor; we cannot reward them, but God will.

#### COSSACKS EAGER FOR THE SCRIPTURE.

*The following account is from a letter transmitted to the British and Foreign Bible Society by Mr. Mitchell, a missionary employed by the Edinburgh Missionary Society, at Karass in Russian Tartary.*

In proportion as Christians are stirred up to put the Scriptures into the hands of others, the number of those who gladly receive them is increased. Of this we have daily proofs in the anxiety observed among the Cossacks, soldiers, and others, in this quarter, to get possession of the Word of God. Four of our Cossacks were very anxious to have Bibles; but as on account of the smallness of their pay they were not able to purchase a Bible for each, they united to purchase one among them. Before they did so, one of them sent to me, and requested to

have the loan of one, to shew it to his companions, as he said they were entirely ignorant of its contents. This request I did not at first comply with, but as he came frequently, and repeated it, I gave him the volume containing the New Testament. They had it some days, and during that time, one of them read in it almost night and day. The one who got it from me being told that he must return it, the tears ran down his hardy cheeks. He thought I was going to sell it to another, whom he had heard anxiously requesting me to sell him one; they therefore collected the money to pay for it, that it might be secured to themselves; but all four could raise only six rubles, and the Bible cost seven, and they were obliged to borrow a ruble before they could pay for it. Had I known this circumstance at the time, I would have given them the Bible for the six. We could dispose of many Bibles to the military around us. The copies of the German and Polish Bibles, you sent us, have all been disposed of, and we could have disposed of many more, if we had had them. Roman Catholics have received the Polish Bibles with gratitude, although they knew it to be the Protestant edition.

It would be well if something could be done for the Cossacks in particular.—The way they are stationed on out-posts, &c. gives them often much time to read: and there are always one, on every station, and sometimes more, who can read. But, as they are frequently removed from one place to another, New Testaments are more proper for them. Surely no wealthy subject of the Russian empire can employ his bounty better than in supplying, with the Word of Life, this brave race of men who have signalized themselves so wonderfully in the service of their country.

*Note by Mr. Patterson.*

One of the Cossacks, spoken of above, wrote to the Russian Bible Society, thanking them for putting it into their power to procure a book, which taught them the way of salvation.

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*Communications for the Monitor are to be addressed (post-paid) to PAUL DUPVAL, the publisher.*